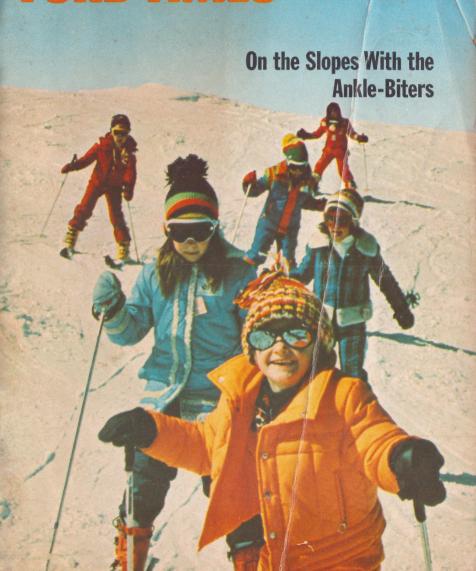
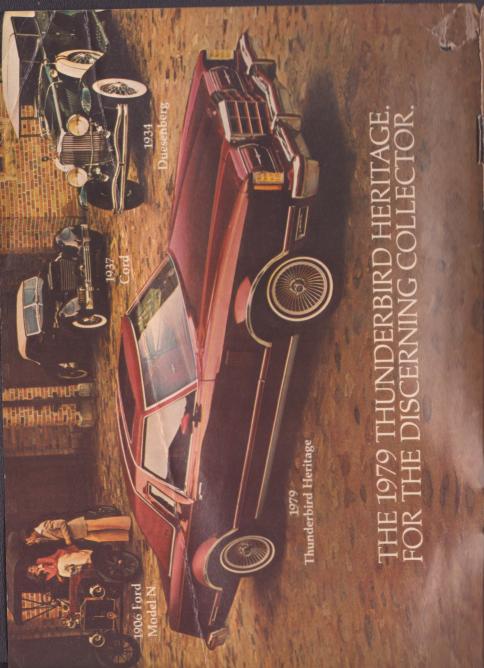
FORD TIMES





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The Ford Owner's Magazine



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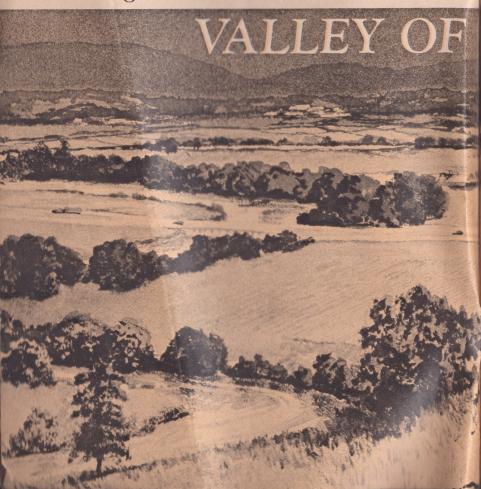
Cover: William O. Johnson calls them "ankle-biters" — the kids skiing on Peanut Peak, a special section on Vail Mountain in the Colorado Rockies. His story begins on page 40. Photo by Wolfgang Herzog.

MENTION Virginia and people picture the eastern two-thirds of the state. Jamestown. Tobacco plantations and famous battlefields. Richmond. This panorama, edged by Atlantic surf on the east, rolls westward

till it's cleaved off sharply by the Blue Ridge Mountains.

Most folks don't know what's over those blue mountains, but cradled between them and the green Alleghenies lies the incredibly beautiful Valley of

It's a high world all its own

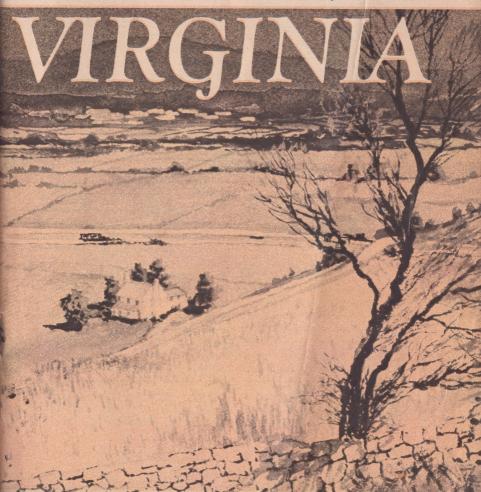


Virginia, very different from the rest of the state. A high world all its own, sweeping from Maryland all the way to Tennessee. Different people. Different history, food, things to do and see. For instance, would you expect Virginians not to drawl? Well, they don't when you get over the mountains.

The first white traders who got over brought back hardship tales so grim it took a hundred years after

by Mary Reeves Mahoney

illustrations by Kenneth Harris





Jamestown before colonists showed interest. Meanwhile, the Great Valley waited like the promised land, with its six sweet rivers, herds of elk and rich savannas where red deer fed. Delawares and Catawbas hunted there, as did Shawnees, Algonquins and Iroquois. They'd used this majestic region for centuries as a natural highway between what are now Pennsylvania and Alabama.

Colonial surveyors usually gave up at the rugged Blue Ridge wall, though young George Washington did make it to Natural Bridge and leave his G.W. carved in the cliff. After rattlesnakes 14 feet long were reported, Virginia's Governor Spotswood equipped his own exploring party in 1716 with "wine, brandy, Irish usquebaugh, stout, rum, cherry punch, champagne, cider, etc." and reached the valley, claiming it for George I.

Soon a flood of "shakegut" wagons

came grinding down from the North, bypassing the Blue Ridge over Indian trails which today lie beneath Interstate Highway 81.

The new settlers were different from the English-blooded Virginians. These were mainly Germans and Scotch-Irish, sprinkled with Scots, Alsatians, Swiss, Welsh. Desperate for land to support a family, they brought only their long rifles and their will to work. The women "could hew with an axe as good as airy man." Sometimes they had to pull the plow. Not for these ladies were there household servants, and barrels of fine china and silks on returning tobacco ships.

They disapproved of slavery

While Tidewater Virginians considered tobacco "the bewitching vegetable," the valley folk called it "the chopping herbe of hell." They disapproved of slavery. They quoted their Bibles so often ("quoth he") they came to be known as Cohees.

They could make do on bear meat and shucky beans, risk the panthers of the dark hills and the horrors of Indian massacre. They asked no help from anybody. At Hot Springs stands a monument to "Mad Ann Bailey" who, after seeing her young husband scalped, handed her baby to friends, dressed in buckskins and collected scalps of her own.

Such iron-veined peoples endured. The valley's limestone soil, once a seabed and still holding fossilized shells, yielded lush crops. On the prairies the wild buffalo grass grew so

high farmers could knot it over their saddles. No wonder Cyrus McCormick, a valley boy, was inspired to invent his mechanical reaper.

The Cohees peppered their new world with sturdy little churches and grist mills, some still in use today. They built many schools, clung to foreign languages, making their own slice of Virginia the way they wanted it. And they raised tremendous families. To this day the Valley of Virginia seems one huge cousindom. Everybody's kissing-kin.

"Where you from?" "Up in the valley."

"You know Gene Miller?"

"Which one? Got a second cousin and a distant cousin called that, and my half-aunt married a fellow name of Eugene Miller and . . ."

When the War of the Revolution came along, some families sent off a

dozen sons and grandsons.

A hundred years later the valley reeled beneath invasion during the Civil War. Because this area furnished food for Confederate troops, General Sheridan was ordered to burn it till it would be "a desert, so that crows flying over it will have to carry their provender with them." He did just that. The town of Winchester changed hands 64 times. When soldiers grew scarce, students, aged 14 to 17, of the valley's famous Virginia Military Institute marched into Northern cannon at New Market.

Though the cause was lost, still the land and the blue-purple mountains waited. Folks replanted. They restored their brick houses with the beautiful mantels and doors. They exhumed the family silver and placed it back on their walnut sideboards beneath the portraits of Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee.

Now, another century later, this region remains unique, for people have clung to some ancestral folkways (the sport of jousting, certain vowel pronunciations, handicrafts, dulcimer music) and cherished partial isolation. Though I-81 slices open the Great Valley's entire 300-mile length into stringbean-shaped halves, still the spines of mountains stand sentry against crowds, sheltering a serene countryside barely speckled with tiny towns and a few small cities

Journeying in a southward direction would put you first in the basin of



the Shenandoah, northernmost of the valley's six rivers. Here begins the state's pink-coated Hunt Country (Berryville, Boyce, Millwood) where purebred horses browse the candygreen fields of millionaires' estates. But with Washington, D.C., only 45 miles away, there's less valley flavor than you sense when you reach Winchester, the charming town that hosts the Apple Blossom Festival.

Early settlers, finding apples thrived in this climate, planted orchards which dazzle the eye from blossom to harvest, then beautify winter like line drawings against the hills. Ten million bushels of apples go to market every year. That must be because the best apple on earth is a Vir-

ginia winesap.

Also eye-catching are roadside signs advertising numerous caverns. How to choose? It helps to know that mammoth arteries of caves, carved eons ago by underground rivers, permeate this entire region, in effect creating another cousindom: caverns. Each is a showplace. All have a strong

family resemblance.

Continue south toward Middletown and you won't miss anything important ahead because Virginia has been a pioneer state in flanking her highways with historical markers. At Woodstock, everybody stops for the superview of the lazy bends of the Shenandoah River, that picture-book stream for fishing, canoeing and camping. Then comes New Market, its battle site restored. Those peaks against the far eastern clouds hold Shenandoah National Park and the Skyline Drive.

Soon come Harrisonburg, Staunton and Lexington, three big towns in the best tradition of preserving small town ways. Staunton, Woodrow Wilson's birthplace, is hilly with pretty gardens behind old houses. At Lexington, the walking tours are interesting every step of the way. Perhaps you'll notice that the Virginia Military Institute cadets, when passing the chapel where Robert E. Lee is entombed, cease talking and salute the commander-in-chief of the Army of Northern Virginia.

See the old church at Fincastle

Don't hurry toward Roanoke. Make a jog before you get there to see the beautiful old church at Fincastle. Don't hurry anywhere in this slow-paced country. Spend a few minutes watching the mountains change colors, listening to a whippoorwill. Picnic above the clouds. Take a pack trip. Taste watercress from a brook. Catch a bluegill or a small-mouth bass.

Kids especially will delight in Natural Bridge and Natural Chimneys, more curiosities carved by ancient rivers, and the Early Man excavations at Thunderbird Archeological Park. Wildlife is better seen from side roads. White-tailed deer. A beaver dam. There are piny spots where you get the feeling no foot but yours has ever touched.

George Washington made a horseback trip in the valley, finding his tavern bed "nothing but a little straw matted together without sheets, and only one threadbare blanket with double its weight of vermin such as lice and fleas." That was 231 years ago when the region wasn't famed as now for its elegant resorts and inns. Forth from hospitable kitchens come all the home-grown Virginia food specialties plus a thread of European cooking passed down from ancestors.

Find time for the byways as you head out of the valley toward Wytheville and Abingdon. Now the land becomes lonesome-like, just the terrain for the herds of buffalo who frequented the salt lake at Saltville. Here's hunting country. Mt. Rogers, the highest peak in the state, is nearby.

Enormous areas are set aside in parks.

The buffalo are long gone, but the landscape remains much the same. The folks here, high-thinking and right-living, haven't changed much either. They certainly mean to keep their slice of Virginia the way they want it to be.

A while back, when army engineers produced plans for two dams, the infuriated Cohees cried, "Insanity! Drown 200 square miles of our valley? Be damned if they will!" In droves they traveled to Washington to do battle again, like Stonewall Jackson's outnumbered troops. Battle they did. They didn't quit fighting till the whole dam matter was dropped.





An interview with C. V. Barion, general manager, Ford Parts and Service Division

The Ultimate Option

Ford Motor Company offers a wide variety of exciting options, ranging from those that dress up its cars and trucks to those that make driving them easier. And when it comes to options that provide protection, Ford believes its Extended Service Plan is hard to beat. That's why it's called the "ultimate option."

Ford customers are expected to buy more than half a million Extended Service Plan contracts during the 1979 model year. That will be up sharply from the nearly 300,000 service contracts purchased during the 1978 model year and the 124,000 purchased in the plan's introductory model year, 1977. To learn how the plan works, *Ford Times* interviewed C. V. Barion, general manager, Ford Parts and Service Division. Here's what Mr. Barion had to say.

Q. Why is the Extended Service Plan called the ultimate option?

A. Because it's designed to protect the customer against some major automotive repair bills even after the warranty on his new car or light truck has expired. This is the first national plan of its type that Ford Motor Company has ever offered its customers.

Q. What exactly is the plan?

A. First of all, it's *not* a warranty extension. The plan is a three-year service contract that is purchased by the customer. It's similar to some new-product service contracts being sold on appliances by mass merchandisers and is available to customers who either buy or lease our vehicles.

Q. What kind of protection does the plan provide?

A. It increases coverage on certain major automotive systems from the normal 12 months or 12,000 miles of the original warranty to 36 months or 36,000 miles. The plan covers parts and labor free, except for the first \$25 per visit, on selected components in the engine, transmission, drive shaft, rear axle, steering, front suspension, brakes, air conditioning and electrical systems.*

Q. Does the plan help the customer in any other way?

A. Yes, if a customer's car or truck is tied up overnight for repairs on components covered under the plan, the plan provides reimbursement for transportation expenses — up to \$15 per day, excluding mileage, for a maximum of five days.

Q. Do you offer extended coverage only on new vehicles?

A. No, coverage is available for used vehicles as well. Our used-vehicle service contract is for 12 months/12,000 miles and is offered on used Ford Motor Company cars and light trucks that are up to three years old and have been driven less than 60,000 miles. ** This contract covers the same components and has the same \$25 deductible provision as our new-vehicle contract.

Q. Is a customer's local dealership the only place where he can get repair work done under the plan?

A. No, the plan's protection remains in effect while the customer is traveling and is away from his local dealership. More than 6,400 company dealerships throughout the United States and more than 700 in Canada are authorized to honor a customer's Extended Service Plan membership card.

Q. How does a customer sign up for the plan?

A. By paying a one-time registration fee. A new-vehicle customer can do so when he purchases his vehicle at the dealership or anytime up to six months from the date of purchase, as long as the vehicle has less than 12,000 miles on it. Used-vehicle customers who want the plan must sign up when they purchase their vehicles.

Q. How much is the registration fee?

A. The fee varies. For new vehicles, it depends on the model car or light truck. As examples, the registration fee for a new 1979 Fiesta is \$165, while that for a new 1979 Club Wagon is \$270. Registration charges for the used-vehicle service contract are based on the model and age of the car or light truck.

Repairs caused by damage or unreasonable use, repairs resulting from lack of required maintenance, maintenance service and wear item replacements, and repairs to a vehicle whose odometer is altered so that the actual mileage cannot be determined are all excluded from the plan. In addition, loss of use of car, loss of time, inconvenience, commercial loss and consequential damages are excluded, to the extent allowed by law.

^{**}If the mileage of the covered vehicle exceeds 60,000 miles before the 12-month/12,000-mile contract period expires, the coverage terminates.



Chair Is to Use

THE small walnut chair stands beside the bed and holds the alarm clock each night.

For more than 125 years that chair has stood silently beside other beds, or in corners of other rooms and watched the generations of my family.

In the middle of the last century, according to family tradition, my great-great-grandmother brought this chair and three identical ones to the West by covered wagon.

Often furniture is more than it's made up to be

> by Janet R. Balmforth illustrations by Miles G. Batt



The first home for these chairs was a crude, one-room log cabin in an arid and barren valley.

The cabin was so small that when the four chairs weren't in use, they hung from ceiling hooks around the edge of the room.

Tradition also claims that it was only by considerable determination that Great-great-grandmother kept her husband from burning the chairs for firewood one cold winter night. It's said that she stood in front of the rough rock fireplace and declared he'd have to throw her in first! She

told him that she refused to sit on the dirt floor or to stand up to eat her scanty meals. Both Great-greatgrandmother and the four chairs survived.

Years later, all four chairs were inherited by her youngest daughter. In this daughter's large square home, in the now green and cultivated valley, the four chairs plus seven others were needed to seat her large family around the dining table three times daily.

My grandmother was a daughter of this large family, and eventually one of the chairs became hers. Maybe this chair could tell what became of the other three. Maybe they just wore out after years of seating nine children, and did end up as firewood. No one seemed to know or care anything about them.

The chair held the alarm clock

I don't remember when I first saw the surviving chair in my grandmother's little stucco house on the main street of the valley. The chair was just there — in Grandmother's bedroom, beside her bed. The chair held the alarm clock each night.

To me, the chair was an old, ugly brown-painted object. But, one spring, Grandmother said she was tired of the brown paint and decided to paint everything in the room a nice light tan. And so, the dresser and the highboy and the rocker and all the woodwork in the room were treated to Grandmother's nice light tan paint. Only the brass bed escaped.

Then she covered the nailed-down,

wooden chair seat with a pink and black striped velvet. To my young mind, this was elegance, and I sat on the chair at every opportunity.

A few years later, when Grandmother died, my mother brought the little chair to our red brick bungalow in the north end of the valley. Naturally, it went in the bedroom, beside my parents' bed to hold the alarm

clock each night.

Ours was a fast-growing family, and it wasn't long before the chair was kept permanently in the kitchen. Stacked with two encyclopedias, it became the dinner seat for the child just out of the highchair. After awhile, we seldom remembered that it had been any other place but the kitchen. Along with all the other pieces of furniture in this center of family activity, it received a soapy scrub each Saturday, and a fresh coat of white enamel each spring. The velvet seat disappeared under layers of paint.

The old chair did many duties in our family. The children stood on it to search for hidden nuts and chocolate in the cupboard. Some of us turned it upside down, covered it with blankets and played at camping. Other times we huddled on it in front of the big coal range after our weekly baths in the winter time. And when we'd been naughty, we were told to sit on Grandmother's chair and not dare move off! That was about the only time it was referred to as "Grandmother's chair."

The years passed and I moved far away to start my own home. One summer when I came back to the valley, I



missed the old chair. I searched around and found it in the basement holding up one of the big tin wash tubs. The strain of the heavy tubs was showing. The legs and back of the chair had been wired together for added strength, but even so, it wobbled.

The next year came, and when I looked down in the basement for the chair, it was gone. Later, I found it out in back waiting to be hauled to the public dump. I stood looking at the chair and thinking. My family was growing, too, and I needed another chair.

So, we tied it on the back of the car and took it with us, took it out of the valley to which it had come such a long time ago with Great-greatgrandmother in a covered wagon.

For weeks I didn't do anything with the chair except look at it and



think about it. The paint was chipped and cracked. The wood was gouged and dented. Four of the rungs were missing. The velvet seat was only a memory; the end of a wooden orange crate had been carefully cut to size and nailed in its place.

Finally, I began. I removed layer after layer of white enamel, and remembered back spring after spring. Then I hit the nice light tan paint. It'd been a long time since I'd seen that. Then came the ugly brown. And then, I was surprised to uncover a red varnish. It was full of tiny cracks and had crystallized in places. Was this the original finish?

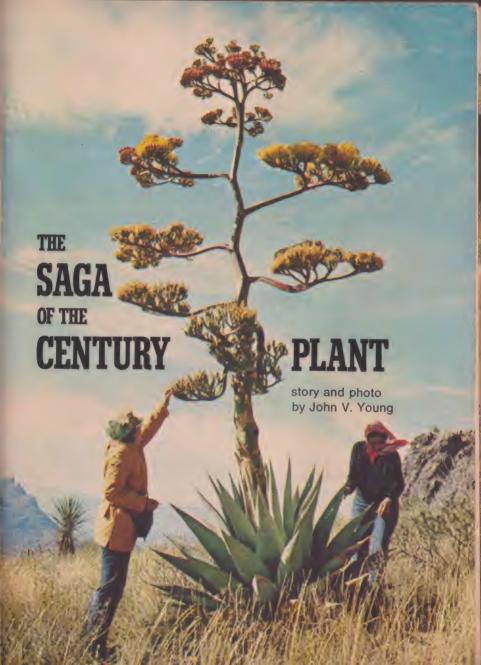
The bare wood was dark walnut

At last, I found the bare wood — a dark walnut, with inlays of swirling burl. On removing the old wooden seat, I saw that originally the seat had been caned. The little holes for the cane were filled with the dirt and debris of many years.

Then came gluing, clamping, new rungs, turpentine baths, sandings, waxings and a new cane seat. The final polish was rubbed on and there the old chair stood for us to admire and display in our ranch-style tract home.

That's all I know about the story of the chair.

Now my daughter is casting possessive glances at it. She swears that in her raw-timbered, glass-fronted town house the chair will be just the thing to keep in her bedroom, beside the waterbed to hold the alarm clock each night.



For more than two decades the squat, thick-leaved and savagely barbed century plant sat patiently in the Southwestern desert, growing so slowly in its later years that its progress was nearly imperceptible. It showed no sign of flowering or bearing fruit or taking any proper interest in the preservation of its species.

Few enemies disturbed its tranquility. Some of its siblings were attacked from below and consumed from within by burrowing rodents early in life. Others were washed from their fragile moorings by flash floods, crushed under rock slides or blown over in storms.

But, by and large, once it was established, the giant lily's formidable array of hooks and needles protected it from being eaten by animals. On occasion, it was even friendly to the deer and javalinas that came to drink after a rain from the water pockets formed by its inward-curving leaves. Year after year the agave observed the progression of the seasons, seemingly as unmoved and unmoving as the sun-varnished rocks that surrounded it.

Silent signal triggers action

Then, one day, in response to some silent signal known only to the agaves, there came a stirring deep in the succulent, artichoke-like heart of the cluster of heavy leaves all sprouting from the base of the plant.

The lethally pointed center stalk, instead of unfurling yet another whorl of hook-edged, awl-tipped leaves as

had each of its predecessors, emerged this time as a rounded, scaled head like that of a great blind lizard. It far more resembled an enormous stalk of asparagus than a member of the amaryllis family to which it rightfully belonged.

With astonishing speed the stalk rose, several inches each day, at times a foot or more in 24 hours. In comparison with the plant's long history of somnolence, the upward thrust of the center shoot seemed almost rocket-like, as if it had been suddenly seized with an urge to go into orbit.

Day by day the stalk surged frantically skyward, trying to make up for lost time. The stalk tapered slightly toward its tip as it thickened at its base, a shimmering green and tawny column nearly as large around as a man's leg, wrapped in fibrous folds of modified leaves looking not unlike dried corn husks that constantly burst their seams in the rapid progress of a growth they could not contain.

Now the agave and all its kin were at their most vulnerable stage since they had first become big enough to fend for themselves. Men sought the fleshy stalks to chop up for cattle fodder, or dug out the living heart to roast over a fire to satisfy their own hunger. Others cut the stalks to make them exude a sweet white sap that could cure a cough, poultice a wound or be fermented into a highly potent brew called pulque, or mescal.

If the tall central stalk happened to be pushed by the wind to an angle that put its tip within reach of a deer, it offered a tempting feast bountiful enough for a small herd. At any time of year the big barbed leaves themselves were subject to man's destructive uses as a source of water in an emergency, as feed for cattle when the barbs were burned off, or for their long fibers that made excellent cordage and matting. Before the days of synthetics, Southwestern cowboys preferred lassos made from the leaves of century plants to all others.

By now the preposterous, tree-sized flower stalk had reached its halfway mark in height at about 10 feet. Still climbing, it branched, sending out short, curving side shoots that in turn divided into twigs ending in exuberant flower clusters. From shiny brown and green tips exploded masses of brilliant yellow blossoms with prominent stamens and pistils ready for action.

Plant turns into pantry

The action came at once. The agave was now living up to its reputation as one of nature's most bountiful pantries. Insects swarmed to the nectar night and day. Birds of many species gorged on the sweet flowers and later on the sugary fruit and still later on the tiny, flat black seeds that had survived the earlier feasting. Small animals scaled the giant stalk for the seeds or competed with other hungry creatures, such as deer, foxes and coyotes, for those that showered to the ground.

Comparatively few seeds escaped all this gourmandizing, but they were far more than enough to carry on the cycle (if all were to sprout and grow, a veritable jungle would result, provided the rain gods were kind that year). Some lodged in rock crevices; others passed unharmed through various alimentary canals. Less than a quarterinch across, each seed held in its microscopic cells the complete computer code for another long program of growth and death for a giant agave.

Probably none of the ravenous horde gathered at the larder noticed that their host was dying visibly in the midst of the turnult

First the leaves, then the twigs and finally the great green trunk itself began to wither. Not long after the countless seeds had ripened, but before all of them had left their sundried pods, the agave was transformed in a few short weeks into a gray, ghostly husk rotting in the desert wind. For a time, perhaps for another round of seasons, it would serve as a perch for a red-tailed hawk, a mockingbird or a shrike, a nesting place for an elfin owl, a safe harbor for insects lizards or mice. Then it would collapse and in the manner of all living things return to the earth whence it sprang.

In all probability no agave has ever attained the full century its legendary name implies. Indeed, some members of the species race through their entire life process in a mere 15 years or so, while others might take as long as 50 years to complete their improbable journey from dust to dust. An average life span might be 25 years, still an eternity for a plant quietly waiting to realize its destiny in the desert.



Pinto ESS three-door



The little American workhorse with a sporty look

Instrument cluster features large, rectangular pods





Pinto three-door Runabout

PINTO, the little American workhorse, is sportier looking in 1979, has several new technical and design features and offers an expanded list of options. A testimonial to the Pinto's success is its sales record; more than 2½ million Pintos sold since the car's introduction in 1971.

Pinto's completely new front end for 1979 is highlighted by the strong horizontals of the dark argent grille, the sloping hood and fenders and the

Pinto Wagon with Cruising Package



single rectangular headlamps in bright frames. The rectangular taillamps (except for the station wagon) and the sculptured look of the front and rear bumpers with black end sections give this small car a sleek, contemporary appearance.

There are other changes to be appreciated even if they can't be easily seen, like the increased use of strong lightweight materials in the standard 2.3-litre overhead cam four-cylinder engine and the revisions of the camshaft and the optional automatic transmission of the optional 2.8-litre overhead valve V-6 engine.

Inside the new Pinto, drivers familiar with past models will quickly notice the new instrument panel. Two large rectangular pods house the miles/kilometers speedometer, the fuel gauge and the European-style warning-light symbols.

Other changes include redesigned standard wheel covers and several new exterior paint and interior trim colors, including the optional Medium Blue Glow and Red Glow glamour paints.

Pinto has always offered fine value, and the 1979 model is no exception. Several popular items are standard on all but the Pony two-door sedan and new Pony station wagon. These items are: Deluxe Bumper Group, radial-ply tires, electric rearwindow defroster, AM push-button radio (this item may be deleted for credit), power front disc brakes, pro-

tective bodyside moldings, bright metal window frames and tinted glass all around. All Pintos, including Ponys, are equipped with full wheel covers, cut-pile carpeting, front bucket seats and split-cushion "bucket look" back seats. Pinto's standard four-speed manual transmission is fully synchronized; rack-and-pinion steering and independent front suspension also are standard.

In addition to the Ponys, Pinto offers a two-door sedan, three-door Runabout and station wagon. This year, a sporty ESS option package is available for the two-door sedan and the Runabout.

Pinto ESS wears black exterior accents and sports equipment like those on the popular Granada ESS. With its charcoal grille and headlamp doors and the tasteful black treatment of its window moldings, dual sport mirrors, hinges on Runabout's all-glass third door, roof drip molding, lower back panel, rocker panel, belt area and wheellip moldings, Pinto ESS is mighty handsome. Pinto ESS also includes styled steel wheels and trim rings, an "ESS" nameplate and the Sports Package option.

The Sports Package includes a sport steering wheel; an instrumentation cluster containing tachometer, ammeter and temperature gauge; an upgraded suspension and an optional axle ratio when the standard power train is ordered.

Another outstanding new option package for Pinto's three-door Runabout is the dynamic-looking Cruising Package that has proved so popular for the station wagon. The Runabout with Cruising Package wears multicolor bodyside paint and tape; blackout treatment on moldings and dual sport mirrors; white-painted styled steel wheels with trim rings; the Sports Package, and other outstanding features.

Other Pinto options include SelectShift automatic transmission, air conditioning, power steering, flip-up open-air roof, four-way manually adjustable driver's seat and six radio choices.

The popular Pinto four-passenger station wagon has earned many plaudits for being one of the handiest little cargo carriers on the road. Pinto Pony and Pinto wagons provide 57.2 cubic feet of cargo space when the easily released rear seat is folded down.

The Cruising Package option now available for Pinto Runabout was in-

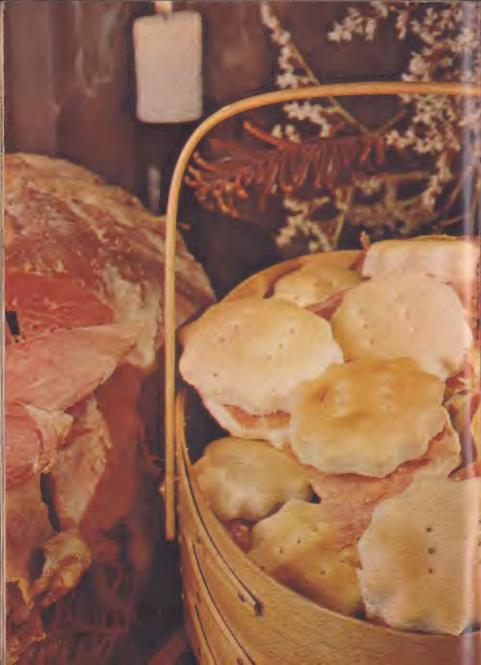
Interior Decor Group in Scottish plaid



troduced on Pinto's Cruising Wagon. The Cruising Package features unique to the station wagon include the replacement of quarter rear side windows with a solid panel decked out in special paint and stripes and punctuated with a jaunty porthole. The liftgate window features a black louver assembly, and there is additional reararea carpeting that provides the finishing touch.

Then, for more luxury, there is the Pinto Squire option that adorns the station wagon with vinyl woodgrain paneling on bodysides and liftgate, woodgrain surround rails, "Squire" nameplate, bright headlamp doors, bright grille, load floor carpeting, brown bodyside molding and the Interior Decor Group. The Interior Decor Group, which is also available on the two-door sedan and the three-door Runabout, includes deluxe low-back seats, deluxe door trim, color-keved deluxe seat belts with tension release. a deluxe steering wheel, vinyl woodgrain appliqués on the parking brake handle and shift knob, a day/ night mirror, a passenger door courtesy light switch, an upgraded soundinsulation package, carpeting on the load floor and a cigar lighter.

When you consider how many personal styling and performance choices Pinto offers, its easily affordable price and the wide availability of parts and service, it is easy to understand this remarkable little American workhorse's track record of more than 2½ million Pintos sold since the car's introduction in 1971.



This dish can be a bit of heaven once you've acquired a taste for it

Motorists driving the delightful highways that thread our Southern states are often intrigued by roadside signs advertising "country ham and hot biscuits." To visitors, the combination is so intriguing that many try it. Some are introduced to new gastronomic delights while others are disappointed.

If, when making such a test, one expects a taste similar to that of the "city" ham to which he or she is accustomed, there's a surprise — or even shock — to come. The two originate from the same animal, but they are different not only in flavor, but also in texture. As those of us who grew up with the real thing know, a well-aged, country-cured ham is a far cry from the bland product one gets in the supermarket. The difference bears

some resemblance to cheeses where aging is important to the cure.

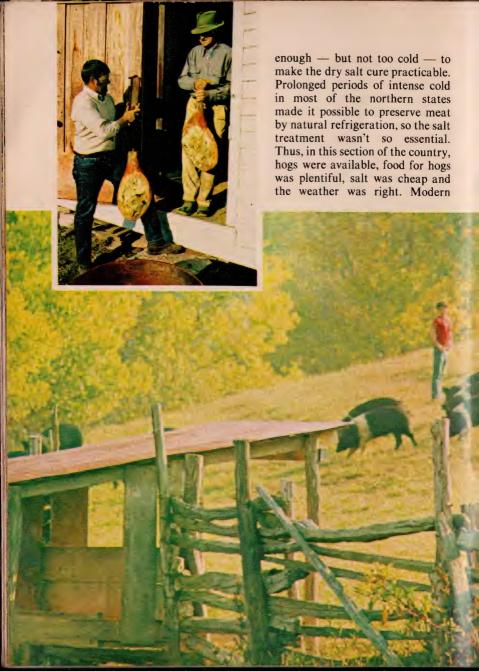
Dry salt, not salt in solution, is the curing agent for this product. You often hear of other cures — sugar, hickory smoke, honey — but while these additives may sell well they do nothing to preserve the meat, which was what the original dry salt cure was all about. The method was perfected when there was no refrigeration. If a farmer killed a hog or two and wanted to keep part of the meat for any extended time, he had to "salt it down." Sodium chloride turned the trick then — and still does.

Country hams are indigenous only to a small part of America — Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, West Virginia, parts of New England, Georgia, Maryland, the Carolinas and some contiguous territory. The hardwood forest blanketing most of this terrain probably contributed, for it formed a perfect natural food supply for hogs, many of which roamed wild in the woods. Winter weather was cold

Country Country Ham Hot Biscuits

by David W. Roberts

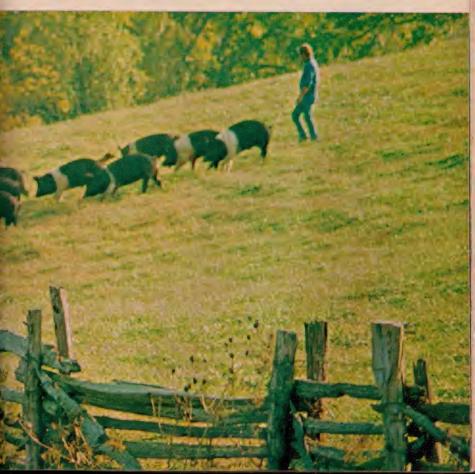
photos by Leonard P. Johnson



times and methods have eliminated the old necessities, but you still find country hams — even "store bought" country hams — in the districts where they originated.

These days, country hams are turned out in large numbers under controlled conditions, which make a more uniform, better commercial product. But those who savor the flavor that aging and individual care produce say they can't match the hams Gran'pap turned out. You'll find only a few rural families in the country ham belt who follow ancient routines, and cure hams for their own use — and maybe for a few friends.

These folks watch the weather closely, especially around Christmas, which is hog-killin' time. They wait for an extended cold spell, then do their butchering. As soon as possible,



hams are taken into the smoke house where they're spread on a table for salting. The meat is trimmed of most of its fat, then rubbed with salt and whatever additives the family recipe requires. One of the best recipes calls for 10 pounds of salt, one-half-pound of black pepper, one pound of brown sugar and two ounces of a saltpeter solution. These are mixed well and applied directly to four 20-pound hams. The salt is rubbed well into the meat. with the hock and butt ends given special attention. Salt is also forced into any openings, especially around the bones. The outcropping of the thigh bone is a delicate point, for, as one of my elderly Kentucky relatives told me. a large artery runs along it. Unless salt goes deep into this tract, souring could result. It takes a stout thumb to open the cavity and pack the salt.

When they're well-rubbed and packed, the hams are laid flat in a sprinkling of salt on the curing table and as much of the mixture as they'll

hold is patted on.

Curing time depends on weather

Our family recipe called for leaving the meat for 23 days of cure, during which it rested, undisturbed, in the unheated smoke house. If the weather turned very cold — well below the freezing mark — we added a few extra days, depending on the extent of the freeze. This was done, Gran'pap said, because frozen meat wouldn't "take the salt" as fast as unfrozen meat. If the weather turned unseasonably warm, into or above the

mid 50s, we might be in trouble. But after 10 days it didn't seem to matter much; salt absorption was then sufficient to protect against spoilage.

After the curing period, hams were brushed and hung from smoke house rafters. They were dusted with black pepper and borax "to keep the bugs away." Although it might add color and a bit of flavor, we never considered smoking essential for curing.

Warm summer days dried and seasoned the meat. The small, windowless building was preferably built in a sunny spot, so its tin roof could intensify temperatures. It was tightly constructed to keep out varmints, and its pitch black interior discouraged flies. As they lost moisture the hams became harder and harder until another winter came. Then, when hog-killin' time rolled 'round again, the first of the last winter's crop was taken down and carried to the kitchen.

Fresh from months of hibernation, such a ham doesn't remotely resemble one of the well-dressed products turned out by commercial packers. It is often deep under a cover of mold. It is scrawny. After seasoning 14 months, the one I took down this morning had lost 11 of its original 20 pounds. Such a ham is hard to the touch — not as hard as an old oak board, but pret'near. It is scrubbed with soap, then soaked in water for a minimum of 12 hours. After that, and a little trimming, it begins to look edible.

This ham can be sliced and fried
— as you'd get it at a roadside restaurant. But it doesn't taste its best unless

boiled or baked. To cook, I put it in a kettle with cold water covering it completely. The pot goes on a slow fire until it comes to a boil, then simmers for 1½ hours. Then you turn off the heat and let the pot cool.

Slice thin as paper with a razorsharp knife. Country ham is a hefty meat that shouldn't be served in thick, pot-roast slices.

If the traditional process seems difficult, but you still want to cure your own, you can take liberties. I put up straight from a packing house four hams at a time, and let them take the salt in a spare refrigerator in the basement. After salting, they're hung in a dark place under the cellar stairs for at least eight months. The constant heat cures faster than the up-and-down temperatures of the smoke house.

Or you can buy country hams from the market or by mail order. They're pretty good, but they'll be better if you hang 'em for a few months.

If you have hot biscuits or potatoes, make a little red-eye gravy by browning bits of the trimmed fat in a skillet, then add a few tablespoons of black coffee. A spoon of boullion granules won't hurt a bit.

The best way to complement your hams is to whip up a batch of beaten biscuits. Here's my family recipe: with $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups of all-purpose flour, sift one teaspoon each of sugar, baking powder and salt. Cut in one-half cup of solid shortening, such as lard. Mix carefully with one cup of cold milk—just enough to make a thick dough. Knead a few

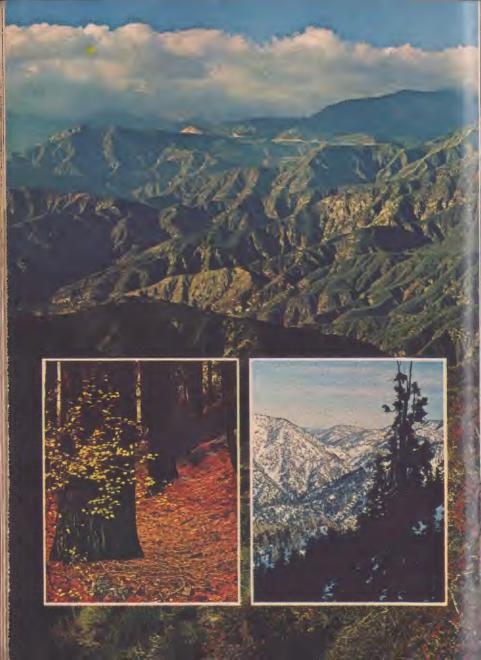
minutes — just enough to hold the dough together — then wrap and put into the refrigerator for an hour or so.

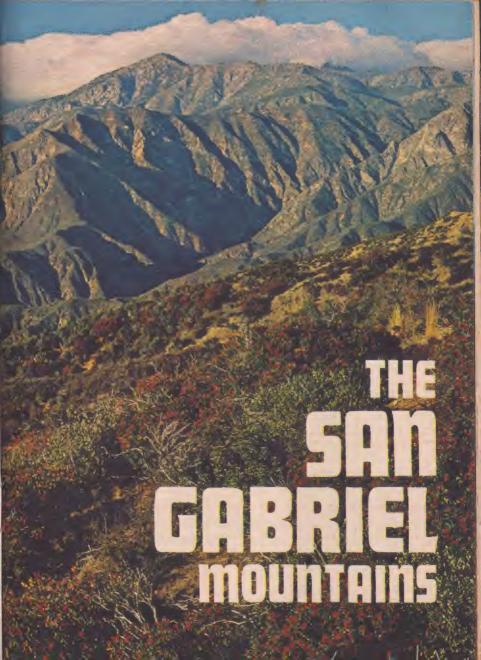
Now comes the beating. A rolling pin or wooden mallet will do. Keep it up for 15 minutes; take a break, then beat another 30 minutes, folding the dough from time to time as it flattens out. Eventually it will become velvety and elastic. Tiny bubbles will form and the dough will "talk back" as the bubbles pop under the clubbing. If the thought of beating biscuits is discouraging, get an electric "bread breaker," as I have. It is like a clothes wringer except the rollers are metal. You feed the dough through, time after time, until it takes on a satiny sheen. Then roll smooth until about one-half-inch thick and get out your cookie cutter. I use one 11/2 inches across. Trimmed dough is beaten back so it can be rolled and cut again.

Puncturing is important

The next step is important. Each biscuit must be punctured twice with a three-tined fork — and punctured all the way through. I put mine on a square of corrugated board, which allows complete penetration. Bake on cookie sheets, about 40 minutes in a 350-degree oven. The biscuits will come out slightly tinged with brown. When you squeeze 'em, they'll "yawn" and break in two. This recipe makes about 4½ dozen small biscuits.

Plop the hot biscuits on a plate with the country ham, and you're ready for the test. For a country boy like me, it's no test. It's heaven.





story and photos by Roy Murphy

Drive an hour from bustling Los Angeles and you are in the primitive wilderness of the San Gabriel Mountains, a variety of terrain ranging from desert to above 10,000 feet and separating the Los Angeles Basin from the Mojave Desert.

Much of this wilderness is accessible by modern highways and well-maintained trails, but a large part is impenetrable due to its deceptive rock formation whose solid appearance is

Scenic splendor no matter what the season

belied by a shattered and fragmented understructure, and because of the innocent-looking chaparral, a thicket that defies passage to all but the most determined travelers.

The colors here tend to be muted, particularly in the summer, but the searching eye will find golden meadows and green-shaded canyons with cool streams singing, giant ponderosas with their rich green needles that whisper in the wind, great granite rocks with lichen in vivid reds and yellows and scarlet monkey flowers sprinkled generously in the green grass along the creeks — little fugues of dancing color.

The fall color is scattered. A few

maples or black oaks, particularly in north-facing canyons, make an exciting show of hues. The cottonwoods and poplars come alive in brilliant gold with the sun behind them.

Suddenly the leaves are gone, sometimes prematurely with the unpredictable winds, and the trees stand stark and bare as winter's white blanket transforms all scenes.

However, the most exciting time in these mountains is spring. The wild-flower rainbow of color explodes under the sunlight over the mountains, canyons and foothills. Mountain lilac, chamiso, manzanita, toyon berry, rabbit brush, yarrow, sagebrush, and lupine are just a few of the multitude of colorful bushes that are part of the chaparral of the San Gabriel Mountains in the Angeles National Forest.

It is exhilarating to wake up in the morning with the great mountains all around you like sleeping giants, and to stand here in cool blue light, listening to the wind as it works its way through tall trees, rising and falling in gentle waves. The birds seem to waken one by one and add delicate counterpoint to this grand performance of Nature's Symphony. And the sun is the great crescendo that awakens the giants, who seem to stretch to their utmost height, as if vying for prominence against the morning sky.

You breathe the clear pine-scented air and ponder the fact that although this may happen every day for a million years, it will never be exactly the same.

GLOVE COMPARTMENT

IN WHICH YOU CAN FIND A LITTLE BIT OF EVERYTHING BUT GLOVES

First Annual Sherry Barrel Stave Slalom — The race course — downhill 200 yards through 20 gates — is much like those in conventional ski slalom races, but the similarity ends there. Competitors aren't on skis, but on staves made of white American oak as used in sherry barrels for centuries in Spain. Since skiing on staves is "like riding a rocking horse down the slopes," January 27 should be filled with hilarity at the race site, Vernon Valley/Great Gorge Ski Area, off Route 94 in Vernon, New Jersey.

Calling Ohio — By calling a toll-free telephone number, out-of-staters get answers to questions about events and attractions in the Buckeye State. "Travel Ohio" (1-800-848-1300) operates weekdays, 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. Ohio residents who dial "Infohio" (1-800-282-0250) hear a recorded message. You may also.

write Travel Ohio at P.O. Box 1001, Columbus, Ohio 43216.

Blue-Jean History — The world's only blue-jean museum is operated by Levi Strauss and Company (who else?) not far from the founder's first workshop in a corner of the company's huge world headquarters in San Francisco. The Levi Strauss History Room in the lobby at 2 Embarcadero Center is open weekdays from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Adventure — All in the Family — A Dakota Wagon Train Expedition . . . a vacation filled with toys . . . cruises on freighters and schooners . . . are some of the 101 family vacation ideas, listed with sources and the addresses of all 50 state travel agencies, in the Family Adventure Directory. Though small in size, it's loaded with information. Send \$2 to Bankel Publishing, Box 224, Department F, Old Greenwich, Connecticut 06870.

Customize Your Cookie Jar — Glenn Appleman makes ceramic cookie jars in the shape of the vehicle of your choice. He'll do a vintage New York taxi, police car or one of a few other models. Prices are about \$70, but it'll be the only cookie jar of its model on your block. Write Pizazz, 811 Lexington Avenue,

New York, New York 10021.

Woolaroc — What was once the retreat of Frank Phillips, a wealthy oilman, is now a game preserve, museum and Indian guide complex in eastern Oklahoma's beautiful Osage County. The western art and pioneer and Indian artifacts alone number 55,000 pieces. Woolaroc is an acronym which stands for the woods, lakes and rocks Phillips loved. The museum complex is open 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. daily on Oklahoma Highway 123, south of Bartlesville.



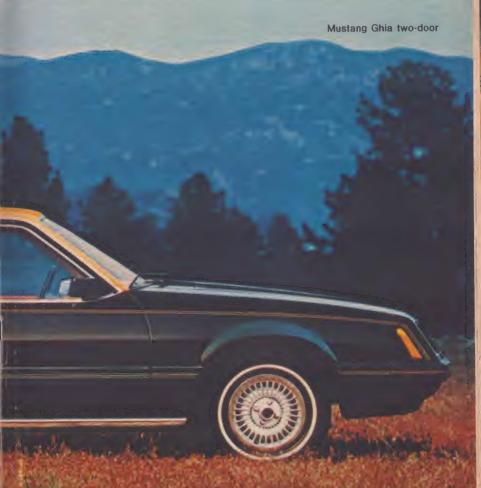
by Michael E. Maattala

For 1979, Ford presents a whole new breed of Mustang that achieves a new level of excitement.

Available in a wide choice of models, the '79 Mustang couples a new

aerodynamic design with an emphasis on performance engineering. Highlighting the car's fresh look are a sloping front end, sculptured roof line and rear quarter louvers.

Mustang has direct and responsive control, with rack-and-pinion steering and a sophisticated new suspension





Graphic warning module, electronic digital clock are features of new optional console

system utilizing a strut-type design in the front and a four-bar link-coil configuration in the rear. For the ultimate in Mustang handling, buyers may select a new optional package that includes ultra-low-profile Michelin TRX radials, forged metric aluminum wheels and special suspension tuning.

To go along with its new handling features, Mustang is now available with a new turbocharged 2.3-litre engine that delivers V-8 performance from a four-cylinder powerplant. The 2.3 litre is the first Ford engine to use turbocharging, which boosts engine output at high-speed or high-load conditions. This optional package includes turbo instrument-panel lights and audible overboost warning system, 8,000 rpm tachometer and a sport-tuned exhaust system with bright tailpipe. The turbocharged 2.3litre teams with a four-speed manual transmission.

Completing Mustang's powertrain list for '79 are the standard 2.3-litre

engine with four-speed manual transmission or optional SelectShift automatic transmission, a 2.8-litre V-6 with SelectShift and a 5.0-litre (302 CID) V-8 with four-speed overdrive manual or optional SelectShift.

When equipped with the 2.3-litre engine and four-speed manual, Mustang has Environmental Protection Agency gas mileage estimates of 31 miles per gallon (mpg) highway and 21 mpg city. The California estimates are 27 mpg highway and 17 mpg city. Your actual mileage may vary, depending on how and where you drive, your car's condition and options.

Standard Mustang features include front disc brakes, high-back bucket seats, locking glove box and day-night rearview mirror.

Put the turbocharged 2.3-litre engine, TRX radials, metric wheels and special suspension together, add a blacked out greenhouse, black lower bodysides, color-keyed bodyside molding inserts and more, and you have the three-door Cobra. But Mustang buyers aren't restricted to the sporty Cobra. Two- and three-door base models and two- and three-door Ghia models also are offered.

Ghia-level appointments are the most luxurious Mustang has to offer. Outside, there is extensive use of color-keyed components, including dual mirrors and color inserts in the bodyside molding. Ghia models also have turbine-style wheel covers, radial-ply tires and pin striping. Inside, the Ghia comes with low-back bucket seats with European-style head rests.

With fuel efficiency directly related to vehicle weight, every effort was made to keep the Mustang's weight as low as possible. The new Mustang is four inches longer than its predecessor, yet weighs approximately 180 pounds less in the two-door and 200 pounds less in the three-door. The introduction of new lightweight designs and an expanded use of lightweight materials such as high-strength low-alloy steel, aluminum and plastics were the primary techniques employed to reduce weight — without sacrificing quality.

Interior package efficiency also received special emphasis during development of the new Mustang. The result was increased roominess, comfort and convenience. Though just four inches were added to Mustang's wheelbase and overall length, the three-door has gained more than 17 per cent in interior room as measured by Environmental Protection Agency volume index and the two-door has gained 15 per cent. Back seat passengers gain the most space, including more than six inches in hip room and more than five inches in both leg and shoulder room. The two-door has a luggage capacity of 10 cubic feet, nearly two cubic feet more than the comparable '78 model. And the three-door offers a cargo volume of 32.4 cubic feet with the rear seats down, nearly 10 cubic feet more than its predecessor.

To make driving the new Mustang





Optional leather and vinyl trim highlights Ghia interior

easier and more pleasant, the car now features a command seating position that places the driver in a better position to see what is happening outside the car, and to monitor and control everything occurring within the car. Contributing to the command seating position is a new instrument panel with all dials and gauges located directly in front of the driver's eyes for easy checking. In addition to the two large dials — one for speedometer/ odometer and resettable trip odometer, the other for standard tachometer - four smaller gauges register temperature, oil pressure, amps and fuel level.

Another driver convenience change is the relocation of several of the car's functional controls to levers mounted on the left side of the steering column. Controls included are the turn signal, headlamp dimmer and horn on one lever and the windshield wiper/washer in another.

For additional monitoring of Mustang's systems, a new optional console contains a graphic warning module showing a car silhouette with five warning indicators. Light-emitting diodes appropriately placed on the silhouette show low fuel, low washer fluid and failure of head lamp, tail lamp or brake lamp. The console also

includes a new all-electronic digital clock. This unit features a quartzcrystal time base and a four-digit vacuum fluorescent display. Three pushbuttons allow display of time, date or elapsed time.

Speed control is also new on Mustang for 1979 and it marks the first time this option has been offered on a Ford car with floor-shift transmission. This system includes the new "resume" speed mode that has been added to other '79 speed control applications and which allows the driver to accelerate automatically to a previously set speed at the touch of a button.

For audio fans, there's a new optional premium sound system that features a high-power amplifier and premium rear speakers. This system teams with Mustang's optional AM/FM stereo, AM/FM stereo with 8-track tape player or AM/FM stereo with cassette tape player to provide outstanding sound reproduction.

Other options offered for the first time on Mustang are a tilt steering wheel, AM/digital clock radio, power lock group, leather seating surfaces and rear-window wiper/washer for three-door models

Ford Division reserves the right to discontinue or change specifications or designs at any time without notice or obligation. Some features shown or described are optional equipment items that are available at extra charge. Some options are required in combination with other options. Always consult your Ford dealer for the latest, most complete information on models, features, prices and availability.







T BELIEVE my fondness for prize fights differs from that of many folks. Everyone knows that commercials are the best part of any show on TV because at no time in the day or evening do you accomplish as much as you do during a commercial. If you watch soap operas you know the same tragic event will be on tomorrow. If you watch movies, songs or dances you can be sure the same program will be a repeat in a few weeks, but a prize fight is an entirely different thing. Everyone does a great deal of lunching during the prize fight commercials (that is the reason for Weight Watchers clubs).

There is something about the fights that quickens your movements, gives you an appetite and makes you feel that at last TV is going to give you a comfortable and exciting evening. Although I am 75, I have never been to a prize fight. I do not know the contestants, and do not care who wins. Yet, it has proved to be an expensive addiction. With a black-andwhite TV set I could not tell one fighter from the other, so it meant a color set. The fighters come on stage in robes that Liberace would envy. Now, in color I can tell the one with the pink pants from the one in brown.

It's also the cost of all the food eaten between commercials that mounts up. I had settled down on the couch to watch the fight between Buddy Oleson and Red Johnson. The first round was slow, so I just ate the few pieces of candy in the dish on the coffee table. The second round was better, so while the managers polished backs



and gave the fighters water (I think it was water), I had time to get two cookies, a slice of cold ham and a piece of leftover cake.

The boxers were now getting in some fast connecting blows. I did not want to miss anything so I grabbed a piece of chocolate pie with whipped cream, dropping part of it on the floor - but the dog quickly took care of that.

I got back in time to see that these men were both out to win. This time I stepped up my reflexes and got a dish of peaches and a box of Rice Krispies. The fighting was now fast and furious, and I did my part with a dish of cold baked beans.

In the next round I lost time making an egg sandwich, but Oleson was staggering from the hard blows and I

knew they were headed for the big one. No time for anything except three candy bars. I was getting a bit dazed myself when with a hard blow Johnson knocked Oleson to the floor. Try as he might he could not get up. As a matter of fact, neither could I. \(\square\$





On the Slopes with the

ANKLEbiters

by William O. Johnson photos by Wolfgang Herzog

The factor of the alpine ski world, they are affectionately known as "ankle-biters," the tots and toddlers who each day waddle bravely out of warming huts and mama's tender clasp to enter the cold and alien world of mountain skiing. They are a lovely, funny, fun-loving crowd, the Charlie







Browns and Linuses of the real world. some of them mere bundles of warm clothing that seem to stand no taller than a big man's ski boot. When they hit the slopes, they display in childish exaggeration all the human foibles of the sport — from swaggering bravado and he-man braggadocio to shivering timidity and shiny-eyed anxiety. They are a breed and a species unto themselves, and nowhere in the world is there a better spot to view them at play than at Peanut Peak, a special section on Vail Mountain in the Colorado Rockies.

At Peanut Peak on any given bright and frosty winter day, it is possible to find as many as 50 to 60 ankle-biters in their natural mountain habitat. The average age is perhaps 6 or 7 years and they are all on skis albeit some of the skis scarcely longer than a good-sized adult foot. Some of the kids are full of elan and derringdo, others are quite in awe of Peanut Peak, for it is not, by any definition, a true novice area. It is canted across the mountainside and it is quite steep on one side. It is perhaps 600 yards long, full of a grand variety of terrains. It takes skill - to say nothing of courage — to navigate in style over some of the more famous trouble spots on Peanut Peak. There are, for example, the dread whoopsy-boom bumps of Roller Coaster Run or the dashing turns one must carve through the potentially dangerous paws of a large cut-out lion guarding the start of the Ankle-Biters Slalom Course or the terribly challenging up-and-down alternate knee-action one must master to negotiate the celebrated scary run of Pedal Bumps. Obviously, the true patron spirit behind Peanut Peak lies somewhere between Walt Disney. Charles Schulz and Jean-Claude Killy.

The area has been open for three seasons at Vail and last year the Mistress of Peanut Peak was a sprightly little Englishwoman named Margaret-Jane "M.J." Hanafin, 35, a native of Guilford-in-Surrey whose professional training is, fittingly enough, as a pediatric specialist and, perhaps less fittingly, as a midwife. M. J. is about 4 feet 10 inches tall, which puts her not far above eye-level with most of the patrons of Peanut Peak. "They are a delight to watch," she said. "Most of them are fearless, though not very stylish, and they have a ripping good time. In fact, everyone seems to have a good time on Peanut Peak. When parents came at the end of a day to pick up their children, they often as not would look at the Roller Coaster or the Pedal Bumps and not be able to resist taking a go at them. And, often as not, they would wipe out when they tried to go down — which was wonderfully ego-boosting for the children who had mastered it easily."

The operation of Peanut Peak is a free service to Vail skiers and it does not include any formal ski instruction for children left there for the day. There are formally organized ski school classes for children elsewhere, including a daily nursery class that caters exclusively to toddlers 4 years old and under. Bob Dorf, administrative director of the Vail Ski School, said of that program, "Those are the real little tots and they can't keep going for more than an hour and a half. They are so little we don't even use a lift for them — they just climb





back up the hill on a carpet. Children can learn to ski at amazingly early ages — I put my son on skis when he was 14 months old. The only thing is, the minute skiing starts to be work or takes on a formal learning structure — bingo — they lose interest and their attention span fades completely."

It is true. Though he never saw the likes of Peanut Peak or a mountainside covered with pint-sized skiers, Plato spoke the philosophy of teaching children best of all when he said: "Let early education be a sort of amusement."

And Peanut Peak pretends nothing but amusement. Oh, there is the little problem of mastering the poma lift tow. It is a simple device that pulls the tots up the hill as they straddle a pole and disk. M. J. said, "This can be a bit difficult for some, but the lift operator is a master at calming nervous kids. Sometimes it is necessary to hold a child up by the seat of his pants for a few yards until he is properly underway. But they learn quickly - and they are so proud when they do. One tyke about the size of my thumb swaggered up to the tow one day and when I tried to help him, he held up a hand and announced quite importantly, 'No, thank you, Miss. I have managed this once or twice before."

Injuries are relatively rare on Peanut Peak. The more usual kind of crisis involves desperate calls of nature on the slope. "These can be quite pressing," said M. J. "There is always so much clothing to get through to al-

low nature to take its course. Sometimes we had to hustle small boys into nearby trees since there was no time to go elsewhere. A few had not done this outdoors before and they were delighted."

There is, occasionally, a problem of children becoming bored with endless skiing. But then there are other pursuits on Peanut Peak, such as toboggans to ride down the slope, soccer balls for kicking, picnics with barbecued hot dogs, fruit and cookies. At Easter there was a mammoth Easter egg hunt involving 1,000 eggs, all dutifully hidden over several long hours by the omnipresent M. J. (who was dressed as a rabbit) and swept up almost instantly by a horde of 250-plus egg-hunters who arrived for the affair. And there is the Igloo, a structure made legitimately enough of snow blocks on the outside, but consisting of an inner frame of wooden planks for safety and support. The Igloo is equipped with a heater and apparently endless gallons of cocoa. Occasionally, weary skiers will take a break from the hell-bent life on the mountain outside and settle down in the Igloo to drink cocoa and do colorcrayon sketches of people risking their lives on various treacherous sections of Peanut Peak.

At times, there may be just the hint of the kindergarten about Peanut Peak, but don't be fooled. The operative word there is fun — without formal structure or social demand. And that, of course, makes it a little bit of ankle-biters' heaven on earth.

Raising



for the Pelican State

TN 1902, tens of thousands of brown I pelicans thrived along Louisiana's shores. That year, the Pelican State chose the brown pelican as its state bird. A brown pelican was placed on the official seal surrounded by the words, "Union, Justice, Confidence."

Just 60 years later, despite union. justice, and confidence, the brown pelicans were gone. Grand gosier, as the Cajun fishermen call him, had become extinct in his home state.

Now, thanks to the cooperation

and work of state, federal, and private wildlife agencies, the brown pelican may be on its way back. Wildlife officials are beginning to believe that breeding colonies of brown pelicans may once again enliven Louisiana's environment.

No one really knows why they left in the first place. Ted Joanen, biologist with the Louisiana Department of Wildlife and Fisheries, says, "We think it was due to a combination of factors." He points out that during

by Downs Matthews

illustrations by Robert Rozas

Extinct in its home state a few years ago, this big brown bird once again is finding winter nesting in Louisiana to its liking

the past 20 years, Louisiana's coastal areas have been struck by five hurricanes sufficiently severe to kill people. "You can imagine what they did to wildlife." In between hurricanes, extremes of wind, tide, and temperature came to plague the birds. In addition, Joanen believes that agricultural insecticides — far more widely and indiscriminately used in the 1950s and early 1960s than today — hurt the birds' chances for survival.

As a result, brown pelicans vanished from coastal areas from Mississippi to Texas which once supported populations in excess of 100,000 birds. Nesting colonies remain today only in the Carolinas, Florida and California.

The brown pelican is a big bird,

measuring 50 inches from his webbed feet to the end of his 18-inch bill. While agreeing with Dixon Lanier Merritt that "A wonderful bird is the pelican," Joanen advises that the pelican's bill will not "hold more than his belican." The pelican doesn't store food in his capacious pouch.

Male and female pelicans are identical in appearance and only they can tell each other apart. The adult bird's wings are silver gray and the body brown. Its head is white, with a yellow topknot, and streaks of white extend down the sides of its neck.

Resident birds, as opposed to their migratory white cousins, brown pelicans like to extend their six-foot wingspread and glide over shallow saltwater bays scouting for mullet, menhaden and anchovies. Spotting a meal, a brown pelican twists over in a half-roll and dives headlong into the water to clap his big bill shut on the unwary fish. He tosses up his beak, allowing several quarts of water to drain out the sides of his pouch, and swallows the fish headfirst.

Winter nesters, brown pelicans in Louisiana gather at their rookery in December. They build nests of whatever is handy, weaving mangrove roots, grass stems or driftwood into stout nests located on the ground or in low bushes. After laying about three white eggs, the female pelican, with the help of her mate, guards her nest carefully. The parents take turns incubating, as the embryos will die if the eggs are not kept warm. One bird spells the other on the nest, while the



off-duty parent rests or feeds.

Newly hatched pelican chicks could be considered attractive only by their parents. They are naked, wet, purplish lumps of raw meat resembling something a pterodactyl might have produced. Their plaintive croaks are more froglike than avian. Yet in a few days they begin to develop a coat of white down. In four to five weeks, they're stumbling about the colony, bumping into each other and their parents, and like human children, causing confusion and consternation among the adults. In nine weeks or so, they're ready for flying lessons.

Given the job of reestablishing a breeding colony of brown pelicans in Louisiana, Joanen and other members of the Louisiana Department of Wildlife and Fisheries traveled to Florida. Here, with the help of the Florida Game and Freshwater Fish Commission, they took fledgling pelicans from rookeries near the Kennedy Space Center. Over a period of five years, they transferred around 465 young birds to a new home on Queen Bess Island in Barataria Bay, near the resort center of Grand Isle.

"We try to catch the fledglings after they've learned to feed themselves, but before they learn to fly," Joanen reports with a wisdom born of experience. One batch of his infants had to be hand-fed. But the experience so alarmed the young birds that they regurgitated their food. Before long, the youngsters were weak from an unwitting hunger strike. Desperate, Joanen cast about for some way to get the

birds to accept food. Finally, he tried mixing canned cat food with water to make a thin, fish soup. Pouring this down the throats of his excited charges, he noted with relief that they didn't, or couldn't, regurgitate it. "Their throat muscles could force up solid food but couldn't reject the liquid," he explains.

On reaching maturity, the Louisiana immigrants had to learn to nest without the example of older birds to aid them. They built their first nests on a shell bank just a few inches above the water line. No sooner had the young parents laid their first eggs than a winter storm washed them away. Undaunted, they tried again, moving to slightly higher ground. But again, high tides and wind-driven waves destroyed the nests. This time, the birds moved to the highest point on the island. On their third try, they hatched and reared Louisiana's first native pelicans in a decade.

Later, the little colony moved to its present home on Queen Bess Island. Here, a shell ridge and black mangroves offer more secure nesting sites. In May 1973 the mating pairs had hatched 26 chicks and were sitting on 15 eggs.

As expected, mortality among the imported fledglings has been high. But about 350 have survived to maturity, and are increasing their numbers each year under the protective arm of the Department of Wildlife and Fisheries biologists.

Yet, evidence of water pollution by insecticides has been noted here, too.

Eggshell-thinning, which biologists say is caused by ingestion of insecticide-contaminated food, has been noted among the Louisiana flock. "Their shells are 6 to 11 per cent thinner than those of brown pelicans in the pre-insecticide years," Joanen says. If eggshell-thinning should become more pronounced, it could prevent the birds from reproducing. "This would eventually wipe out the colony," Joanen says.

Because of this phenomenon, the brown pelican may serve Louisiana as an "indicator" bird, Joanen suggests. "We might watch them, as coal miners used to watch canaries in the mines, as an early warning against pollution by insecticides.

"If the pelicans start to go, we'll know that pollution levels are increasing, and we must do something about

Meanwhile, brown pelicans are once again soaring over Barataria, as in former years. And once more Louisiana can legitimately call itself the Pelican State.





FROM FAMOUS RESTAURANTS by Nancy Kennedy



LANAL TERRACE WAILEA, HAWAII

Diners have a magnificent view of the Pacific Ocean from this handsome dining room in the Inter-Continental Maui on the island of Maui. The hotel is within the 1.450-acre Wailea Resort, which includes a 36-hole championship golf complex, an 11-court tennis clubhouse, five sandy beaches and a complete program of water sports. The dining room is open for dinner and for Sunday brunch (8 a.m. to 1 p.m.). Reservations advisable for meals and rooms.

Columbia River Salmon Cardinal

Clean a 2-pound salmon filet. Make sure all bones are removed. Season to taste with salt, white pep-

per and lemon juice. Sauté 4 ounces sliced lobster tails and 8 ounces of shrimp. Spread cooked lobster and shrimp down the length of the salmon filet and fold ends together the long way. Wrap tightly with cheese cloth. Tie ends securely. Poach slowly for 30-35 minutes in fish court bouillon. Set aside and make a creamy fish sauce (below) using the fish stock. Cut salmon loaf into desired portions. Cover with sauce (below) and serve with rice. Makes 4 portions.

Creamy Fish Sauce: In a small saucepan combine 3 minced shallots with 1/2 cup of dry white wine. Reduce over moderate heat until liquid has evaporated. Melt 10 tablespoons butter and slowly add 1/2 cup flour. Stir until it makes a smooth paste. Slowly add 1/2 cup fish stock stirring constantly so that mixture is lump free. Simmer for 5 minutes. Add 1 ounce cognac, 1/2 cup cream and juice of 1 lemon. Season to taste with salt, pepper and drop of Lee & Perrins sauce. Sprinkle with parsley.

CHOUETTE WAYZATA, MINNESOTA

Jean Claude Tindillier, a French chef. presides over the kitchen of this fine dining spot owned by Mrs. Jolley F. White. Located across the road from Lake Minnetonka, the restaurant serves meals in four small dining rooms with the finest of silver, linens and glassware. It is more like having dinner in a private home than a restaurant. Lunch and dinner served every day, except Sunday. Reservations necessary. It is about 20 miles west of Minneapolis at 739 Lake Street in downtown Wayzata.

Salade de Canard aux Poires Fraiches

Roast a 4-pound duckling to perfection. Let cool then remove skin and bones. The meat should be slivered. Slice 3 whole Bartlett pears. Add 7 ounces very light mayonnaise to combined sliced duckling and pears, and toss lightly. Serve on bed of Boston leaf lettuce with radishes, black olives and tomato wedges. Top with blanched almonds and serve cold. Serves 6-8.

French Onion Soup

Sauté 4 cups minced onions in 1 tablespoon peanut oil and 2 tablespoons butter until onions are golden brown. Drain oil and butter, add 8 cups rich, seasoned chicken broth, Season with 1/4 teaspoon white pepper. Bring to boil, then reduce heat. Simmer for 30 minutes. Add dash of port, if desired. Pour into 6-8 earthen casseroles and top each with finely sliced pieces of toasted French bread and sprinkle with 10 ounces grated Swiss cheese. Bake in 400° oven for about 25 minutes or until cheese is melted and the top is golden brown. Serves 6-8.



HOTEL duPONT WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

There are two fine restaurants in this small, elegant 65-year-old hotel the Green and Brandywine rooms. The dining rooms are noted for their fine original paintings, including 12 original Wyeths, by three generations of the noted family of artists. One of the most popular items served on the luncheon menu is the Open-Faced Backfin Crab Sandwich, Open for breakfast, lunch and dinner: reservations advisable for meals and overnight accommodations. From Interstate 95, take Exit 7 east on Route 52 (Delaware Avenue). Bear left on 11th Street, Proceed three blocks to hotel at 11th and Market streets.

Open-Faced Crab Sandwich

Take 12 ounces cooked backfin crabmeat and mix it with 1/4 teaspoon each of Tabasco. Worcester-

shire sauce and lemon juice. Then mix in 4 table-spoons of mayonnaise. Toast 8 pieces white bread and spread them with 4 tablespoons tartar sauce. Cover toast with crabmeat mixture and heat broiler. Cover each sandwich with a slice of American or Cheddar cheese, sprinkle with paprika. Place under broiler until cheese melts and is bubbly. Serve piping hot garnished with lemon wedges and parsley. Makes 4 portions.

Longe de Veau Rostoff

Marinate 3 pounds loin of milk-fed veal with juice of 2 lemons, 8 finely chopped shallots, 2 teaspoons dill leaves and 1 teaspoon thyme for 2 hours. Brown both sides quickly and oven roast at 375° for 40-60 minutes. Remove veal from pan, add veal stock made from veal bones, and reduce to half. Add 3 cups sour cream and remove from heat. Cut 3 slices per person and top with sauce. Serves 8. For garnish cut 4 medium size cucumbers in eighths and shape to ovals like chateau potatoes. Blanch cucumbers for 5 minutes, then sauté in butter. Season with salt and white pepper.

GRANNY'S SANDWITCHERY PARKERSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA

Constance Harris is the owner of this charming small restaurant that prides itself on its unusual menu of sandwiches at lunch and fine continental cuisine in the evening. Lunch and dinner are served every day except Monday. Reservations necessary. Closed first two weeks in January. It is at 1714 16th Street in Parkersburg. Take the downtown exit from U.S. 77.

Pineapple Cake

- 2 cups flour
- 2 cups crushed pineapple

- 2 cups sugar
- 2 teaspoons soda
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup walnuts

Stir all ingredients together well. Pour into greased 9 x 12 pan, and bake in 350° oven until done (about 40 minutes). When cool frost with icing (below).

lcing

- 8 ounces cream cheese
- 1/2 cup butter
- 11/2-2 cups confectioners' sugar
- 1 tablespoon vanilla

Whip the cream cheese and butter together. Add sugar and vanilla.

IN THE FUTURE, the peoples of Earth will look back on our era and wonder whether all the stories about the Winter of '78 are true, just as we look upon the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* and wonder about their validity as accounts of the past. Before the legend-makers have time to fuzz the edges and blur the truth, and while the Winter of '78 is still fresh in all our minds, I want to tell you some of the epic events that really happened that year.

My cousin Kenneth of Central Lake sent this interesting report of how the people of this northern Michigan community combined the sport of skating and ice fishing:

"The onset of winter was rapid that year, and Torch Lake froze over so quickly that the ice was clear as glass.' One member of our local hockey team started a new fad while at practice on Torch Lake. He spotted an exceptional fish under the ice and he skated along behind it for an hour or two until the fish was tired and floated belly up against the ice. The enterprising young man then punched a hole in the ice and captured what proved to be an award-winning fish.



One of our local merchants, seeing a way to improve the economy of the community, asked the Junior Chamber of Commerce to offer a prize each week to the skater who caught the largest fish by tiring it out. The idea has caught on so well that members of the Red Wings, Black Hawks and Rangers come here to participate in our new sport, called 'Fish-tailing.'"

My brother Dale lives in the town of Bellaire, about seven miles from Central Lake. He sent me this gem that happened to him in the last week of January 1978:

"I came out after working all night in the factory and tried to start my car. In the frigid weather my starter gave a grunt and died. Some of my buddies pushed my car around the parking lot by hand until it started. The oil in the automatic transmission was stiff, and it caused the car to act as if it was a solid connection from the engine to the rear axle. Of course, I allowed the engine to warm up before I used my auto to push all those guys who had helped me to get started.

"The car was sluggish but I didn't realize what was wrong with it until I

This Was the Winter That Was

The heated discussions of just how cold it got last winter are enough to warm up a social gathering

by Paul A. Miles illustrations by Robert Boston



arrived home three hours late. When I checked the front end I discovered the front brakes had frozen and the wheels weren't turning. My first fear was that the tires would be worn bald in one spot.

"As it turned out, I was lucky it was frigid. In the extreme cold, the tires rubbing against the pavement had generated neither heat nor friction, therefore no rubber was worn off my front tires."

Friends who live near my home town of Wyandotte had equally unusual experiences.

My friend Al is a generous soul who volunteered to bring a mutual friend, Steve, into work at the electrical power plant in Trenton during the big snow of '78. Al has a four-wheel-drive vehicle that he claims can plow through any depth of snow ever whomped up by Ole Man Winter. He drove out to Steve's house and he later told me Steve nearly froze to death on the way to work.

"What was the matter?" I asked. "Wasn't your heater working?"

"Oh, the heater was working O.K., but I had to have Steve out on the hood sweeping the snow off the windshield with a broom, because the snow was deeper than the top of my hood," Al replied.

It was during this same storm that my friend George from Flat Rock had a harrowing experience. George's wife is the type of person who looks ahead and prepares for the unusual eventualities. When she found out there was a big storm on the way, she thought it would be a good idea if they prepared by having some other way to heat the house in case they lost their electrical power. She sent George to the local sporting goods store to buy a catalytic heater. One of the worst blizzards in our history struck before George reached the store.

George said his trouble wasn't so much that it snowed so heavily as it was that the winds were extremely strong and cold. The fine snow was blowing so hard that George couldn't see his hands in front of his eyes as he walked to the store. The weather was already too bad to drive his car.

Somehow, George found the sporting goods store just as it was getting dark. He didn't have any fuel for the heater so he bought two cans of it to take home with him. Buying the fuel later turned out to be a blessing.

The darkness added to George's problem of finding his way home. He wandered around for hours before finally admitting to himself that he was lost. His first thought was survival in the bitter cold.

Now, George is an outdoorsman and a naturalist. He built an igloo in the midst of his personal no-man's land and used his new catalytic heater to keep from freezing. It continued to snow and blow for three days and four nights. George decided he was better off remaining in the igloo rather than wandering around lost.

At the end of the third day it quit

snowing and blowing, but George was too weak from hunger to continue on his way home. It turned out all right, though. George's wife rescued him when she spotted the igloo on their front porch and went out to investigate.

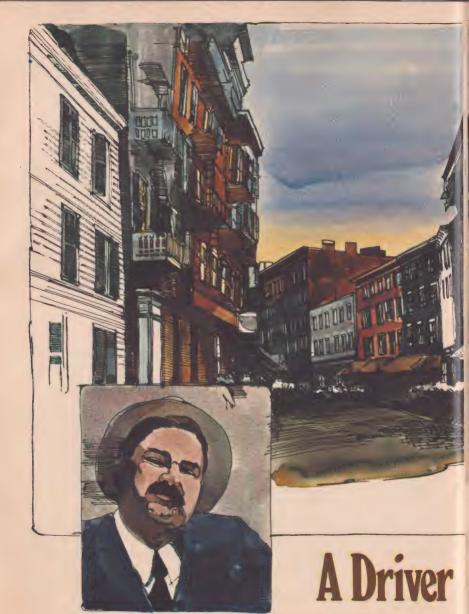
The same day my brother was experiencing troubles with his car, I was having some minor difficulty of my own. I was working the shift beginning at midnight, and when I got home, the house was very cold. I turned on the basement light and nothing happened. I went upstairs for a new bulb. When I returned to the basement I discovered a faint red glow in the bulb. In the bitter cold it took 15 minutes for the bulb element to generate enough heat to come up to full brilliance.

The reason my house was frigid was the flame in the furnace had frozen solid. It took me all day to thaw out the flame with an electric heater. I was too exhausted to go into work that night.

I was telling Ernie, who is a dear friend of mine and a brother to Al, about the trouble with my furnace and the light bulb a couple of weeks after it happened. At first he frowned, then he smiled as he recalled the cold night.

"Oh yeah," he remarked, "I remember that night. I was washing walls here at work with pure alcohol, and the sponge froze to those subzero walls."

As I always say — truth, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder. \square





Dominic talked a good game until the day he had no choice but to drive

THERE WAS A STORY told for years in the First Ward of Ithaca, New York, about the time Dominic the Driver rose to an emergency and drove young Mrs. di Franco to the hospital to have her baby. In the telling, and with the passage of time, the circumstances of the matter became considerably altered, but the whole affair was singular and noteworthy, if only because so few citizens of the First Ward were ever born in the hospital.

Dominic was always called the Driver even though he did raking, brush-clearing and other maintenance work for the city. No one in the First Ward owned a car - this was in the early Twenties - and no one knew how to drive. Dominic himself had no car, but he did know how to drive had, in fact, driven for hire. And this was a time and place in which a man was known by his trade. If you needed repairs to a foundation, you called Pellegrini the Mason. You bought bread, not from Terranova, but from Terranova the Baker, and if you had carpentry beyond your own skills that needed doing, you called the carpenter, always known as Aldo the Builder. Since no one ever tired of hearing Dominic tell of the powerful machines

of Experience

by Janet O'Daniel illustrations by Konrad Kahl

he had driven or the stylish passengers he had carried about, it was natural to designate him the Driver. Dominic looked the part, too. There was something of the dandy about him. His clothes were the latest and his dark hair and mustache were impeccable.

A few people who lived outside the First Ward were also identified in this way, even though there was less contact with them. There was Banker Griscom, and also Lawyer Thompson, and most important of all, Dr. Edwin Farrell, on whom everyone in the ward depended. He was well-respected and so was his car, a Model T which was inseparable from the doctor himself. Indeed, residents of the neighborhood could tell much about the doctor's errand from his car and the way he parked it. Next to the curb, neatly aligned, was apt to be a first confinement with hours to spare. Rammed into the curb with rear wheels two feet out into the street was an emergency - a hurt child, a serious illness.

The night of the famous ride was in early October, a mild night, but with an autumn mist hanging in the air. About eight o'clock, Mario di Franco was seen racing down the street to the home of his mother-in-law, Serafina Capobianco, and it was widely and correctly surmised that he had gone there to tell her that his wife Angela needed the dottore. Angela's time was here. Serafina at once dispatched her son Tullio, on feet which had broken the local high school record for the quarter mile, to fetch Dr.

Farrell, and thus, in the efficient manner of the First Ward, things were set in motion.

The familiar Model T was not long in appearing. Its headlights cut through the mist, its faithful motor throbbed stoutly. Aproned women with sweaters thrown about their shoulders came out to linger on the sidewalk before the Di Franco house. arms folded across their fronts. And no one noticed, in the excitement, that Dr. Farrell had not taken his time and parked neatly along the curb, even though it was a first confinement. He had run the front wheels into the concrete with careless haste and left them that way. Dr. Farrell had been worried about Angela.

But no one knew this, and all they noticed was that the *dottore* was limping and bent over painfully.

No, no, it was nothing, he assured them when they crowded around with concern. It was his back, that was all. He had lifted a bushel of potatoes that afternoon — but he could deliver a baby anyway. They knew that, didn't they? They agreed, loyally, that it was so, and Dr. Farrell limped hurriedly into the house. The crowd in front grew. Men joined the women. Children, up past their bedtime, ran around chasing each other.

When the door opened again it was a sober parade which emerged. Angela, supported by her husband, came first, with her mother, Serafina, hovering behind and the doctor bringing up the rear, walking stiffly. Word whipped through the waiting crowd like a wind. The hospital. Doctor was taking Angela to the hospital. A murmur rose and fell among the onlookers. The First Ward did not trust hospitals - people died there. Still, they trusted the doctor . . .

Mario helped his wife into the back seat of the doctor's car and Serafina crowded in with them and the doctor went gimping around to the front to crank. And it was then, as he bent and seized the crank, that he let out a cry of pain and tumbled sideways to the curb. Those nearest rushed to his aid, trying to get him on his feet.

"Damn!" Dr. Farrell shouted, "It's my fool back!"

Angela let out a cry

In the back seat, Angela let out a cry and the crowd's attention returned to her, wavered, swept to the doctor once more. Two patients now! Someone must drive to the hospital!

Pellegrini the Mason spoke up in Italian. "There is an easy solution here. We will fetch Dominic. The Driver is at this very moment playing cards in the back room of Tedeschi's grocery store."

The crowd breathed out joy. Several men ran at once to Tedeschi's store and they bore Dominic the Driver back with them almost bodily. In the general confusion no one noted a rather vague reluctance in his attitude.

"Good!" gasped Dr. Farrell. "I'm afraid vou must take over, Dominic. Flavvio, vou'll do the cranking. Keep your thumb at the side and push with the heel of your hand — this part or the kickback may dislocate your thumb. Wait till we're ready."

The doctor was helped into the car. Dominic was pushed and shoved to his position behind the wheel.

"Spark lever up," the doctor said, "gas lever down. I left the emergency brake on, so she's in neutral. All you have to do is -" The doctor was suddenly silent, staring at Dominic, who sat there at the steering wheel, white and rigid. "What is it?" the doctor asked in a low voice, but he had a sinking feeling that he already knew what it was. There were loud sobs from Serafina in the back seat.

"I'm no drive, Dottore," Dominic said in a low voice.

Dr. Farrell studied him. "Never?" Dominic shook his head.

For one moment the doctor contemplated the problem, weighing the needs of his patient against Dominic's total humiliation in the eyes of the





First Ward. Then he leaned painfully toward Dominic and whispered, "Well, you're driving tonight. Do as I say!"

He reached over and adjusted spark and gas levers. "Let 'er go, Flavvio!" Flavvio cranked, the engine turned over and caught. "Turn the wheels away from the curb, Dominic." Timidly, the Driver took the steering wheel in his hands and turned it to the left. "Take the emergency brake off. That thing there. All right, she's out of neutral. There's three pedals in front of you on the floor. Put your foot on the middle one — centro. Push down! All right, she's in low gear."

Roaring and thumping, the Model T pulled away from the curb and wavered down the block. The crowd cheered. In the front seat Dominic sat stiffly, grasping the wheel. Sweat glistened on his forehead. "Give her more throttle," the doctor said close to Dominic's ear. "Now take your foot off the pedal. All right, we're in high. Now watch where you're steering!"

Not many cars were out, but a few pedestrians were taking evening strolls. Dominic managed to miss all of them, and they went careening along toward the east end of town where a hill rose steeply. At the top of the hill, overlooking the whole town, sat the hospital, a modest three-story brick building, but impressive in that day. The hill was a formidable one.

"Put her into low!" Dr. Farrell ordered as they started up. "Press down on that center pedal." Fumbling and panicky, Dominic pressed the pedal. The car shuddered, rallied, started to climb, then slipped back.

"Low pedal band's worn out," the doctor moaned. "We won't make it that way. Turn around — all the way."

"I'm no turn so good," the Driver whispered.

"Turn!" the doctor roared. "Now put her in reverse. We'll go up backwards. Pedal on the left — sinistra! Now look over your shoulder. Watch where you're going."

The car shot up the hill backwards

Dominic, past care and past caution, hung over the side and looked up into the darkness. Then he pressed down hard on the reverse pedal and the car shot up the hill backwards, careening left and then right like a sailboat tacking across the wind, and finally, triumphantly, pulling up rear end first in front of the hospital.

Two weeks later the excitement was dying down gradually. Young Mrs. di Franco was home with her new baby, Dr. Farrell was walking straight once more and back at his practice. There was a slight softening in the First Ward's attitude toward the hospital. It was perhaps not such a threatening place after all. And Dominic, well on his way to becoming a legend, refused to take more than his share of the credit. It was nothing, he would insist when complimented. Niente. A simple matter for any driver of experience.



All Girls and All Fords

My wife and I celebrated our 25th wedding anniversary in November shortly after Ford celebrated its 75th anniversary. This is a photo of my family — all girls — and our cars — all Fords. From the left, the girls are my wife, Sue, and daughters Susan, Frances and Lynn, and the cars, a 1930 Model A, 1965 Mustang, 1969

LTD, 1971 Mercury Marquis and 1975 Granada. We also have a 1974 Mustang II (not pictured). Best wishes to you for your next 75 years of success in the automobile business!

Charles E. Treas Oxford, Mississippi



Of Cars and Roads in Days Gone By In 1920, in a borrowed flatbed Model T, my grandparents and I moved from Portland, Oregon, to a farm about 30 miles in the country. My aunt and I sat on mattresses in the open back of this truck, holding onto the bureau drawers so they would not fall out into the road. The trip took almost a whole day in those days on those roads. The

gas tank was under the front seat, and everyone had to get out when gasoline was put in it. And I remember those old magneto lights that went out when the Model T slowed down. No, they don't make cars and roads the way they used to. They make them better!

Mrs. O. Dodd Raymond, Washington

Streetcar Carried Future Astronaut

We would like to add another part to the July Ford Times story, "Streetcar to the Moon," in which the author, Robert Persons, said he felt like an astronaut when riding the Wells Street streetcar in Milwaukee over the Wells Street trestle. Our brotherin-law, James Lovell, a well-known astronaut who soared through space on Gemini 7, Gemini 12, Apollo 8 and Apollo 13, was a passenger almost daily on the Wells Street streetcar. Both he and the girl who later became his wife — Marilyn — rode the streetcar as students to attend Juneau High School.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert McCann Milwaukee, Wisconsin



1. 1896 Quadricycle 2. 1924 Model T 3. 1928 Model A 4. 1949 Ford

5. 1965 Mustang

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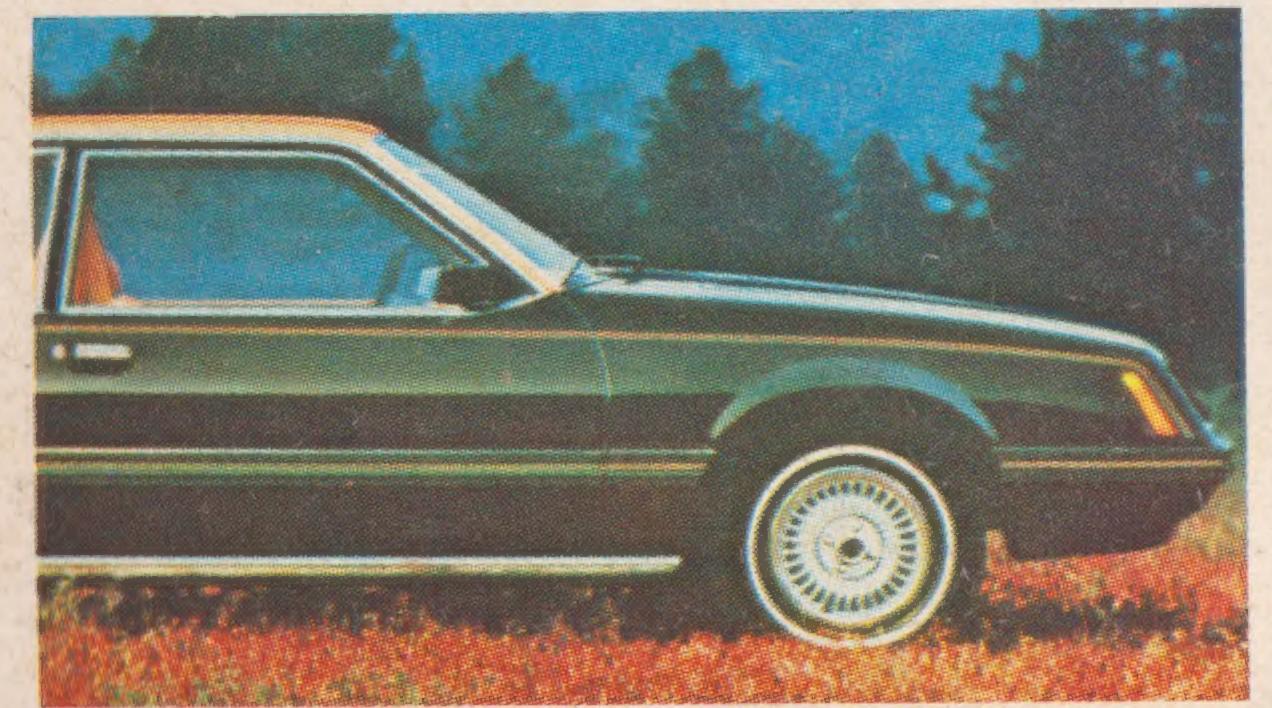
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